Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER. PROUDHON

Vol. XIII. — No. 8. NEW YORK, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1898. Whole No. 358.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
John Hay.

On Picket Duty.

Since Liberty appeared last, Harry Lyman Koopman has issued a volume of his poems, under the general title of "Morrow Songs." It contains his "Gothic Minster" and a considerable number of briefer pieces, all of them breathing the Anarchistic spirit. I wish that I were a competent literary critic, that I might pay this little volume the intelligent tribute it deserves. But I can say at least that lovers of freedom and lovers of beauty will alike find pleasure in its pages, and that few poems of recent date have impressed me as did "The Gothic Minster" when I read it several years ago,—an impression which a fresh reading has confirmed. The book is tastefully printed and published by another Anarchistic comrade,—H. D. Everett, Franklin Street, Boston.

Dr. Rudolf Steiner, whose splendid letter to Mackay will elicit the liveliest applause from Liberty's readers, is one of the most promising of Germany's philosophical writers. As an essayist and author of books his name has come frequently before the public of late years. All his writings are bright, enlightened, and libertarian. His best-known works are "Die Philosophie der Freiheit: Grundzüge einer modernen Weltanschauung" and the monograph, "Friedrich Nietzsche: ein Kämpfer gegen seine Zeit." He is also the editor of an edition of Schopenhauer's works, for which he furnished an elaborate introduction. In conjunction with Otto Erich Hartleben, the author of "Hanna Jagert," Dr. Steiner at present publishes and edits "Das Magazin für Litteratur," one of the oldest weeklies in Germany.

Another society. This time the American Society for Press Reform, organized at Washington, D. C. Circulars appealing for aid are being sent out, over the signature of Stanley Warren, M. D., secretary and treasurer. One of these circulars states that the society advocates "the enaction and enforcement of laws to prohibit the publication of sensational, and the illustrated and detail accounts of crime," and "the prohibition of the publication of unwarranted attacks upon public officials, whom we consider are entitled to the protection and respect of every citizen." The society threatens to start a journal devoted to these ends. If it carries out this fell design, I shall ask congress for the "enaction" of a law prohibiting the publication of journals edited by persons "whom I consider are" inimical to the integrity of the English tongue.

Mr. C. Elton Blanchard, a western editor who terrorizes his subscribers into settling arrearages by threatening to send them his periodical forever if they don't pay up (in this case the plan should work to a charm), has been parading for months with a chip on his shoulder in the hope of inducing "some Anarchist of acceptable standing" to publicly debate with him. But who signs the credentials that establish Mr. Blanchard's standing? As for his writings, such of them as it has been my misfortune to read have convinced me that his mental calibre is not sufficient to entitle him to the dignity of a special and set debate. If I take a shot at him now and then, as I pass, I shall thus burn all the powder that I can spare for such as he.

The New York "Times," in commenting adversely upon the conduct of certain rich men who are moving out of the State of New York to avoid its heavy taxation, mentioned among others Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham, the well-known lawyer. In answer, Mr. Peckham, who, whether a tax-dodger or not, is certainly not an issue-dodger, wrote a long letter to the "Times" in defence of his course. He pointed out, as an instance of the burdens which New York endeavors to impose upon her citizens, the tax of 2.01 per cent. supposed to be assessed upon railroad bonds which pay a dividend scarcely exceeding 3 per cent. He argued with perfect cogency that the owners of such bonds must escape taxation, in violation of the law, for, if they were to pay the legal tax, their income from the bonds would be but 1 per cent., and, as a necessary result, the value of the bonds would fall off fifty or sixty points. Mr. Peckham, having either to bear alone the heavy burdens which dishonest men evade, or else leave the State, chooses, as an honest man, the latter course. From the standpoint of a sincere Archist, who admits the obligation of the individual to the State, there is no exception to be taken to his position. On the other hand, Anarchists of course deplore the stupidity of sincere Archists who willingly pay taxes, as earnestly as they detest the knavery of the insincere Archists who dodge them. But they note with great delight—and with some astonishment, considering its source—an admission which Mr. Peckham makes in concluding his letter. After pointing out that such a tax as the one cited is equivalent to a 65-per-cent. income tax, he declares that any government which should, in general, levy a 65-per-cent. income tax could not stand twenty-four hours, and ought not to stand; for, he says, Anarchy, or every man for himself, would be better than that. Hereafter, when anyone pictures the appalling horrors that would result from abolition of the State, it will be possible to answer, on high Mugwump authority, that, frightful as those horrors may be, they are less horrible than the necessity of parting annually with 65 per cent. of one's income. The next man who shall ask me what I propose to do without the police will be triumphantly referred to Mr. Peckham, who will assure him that a police service which costs 65 per cent. of one's income is not a necessity, but a luxury which not even a Rockefeller can afford. It is well to have the dangers of Anarchy thus precisely limited. Infinity is a *sine qua non* of a successful bugbear. Once establish its measurability, and all its terrors vanish.

The play, "The Liars," by Henry Arthur Jones, now running at the Empire Theatre in this city, is one of the most brazenly vicious and debasing, in its lesson, that I have ever witnessed. One gathers from the title and the earlier acts that the intention is to rebuke the practice of deceit generally necessary to the violation of the marital vow, on the ground that, one lie leading to another, the web of falsehood finally involves many in disaster. This lesson in itself would not be especially objectionable, though there is greater call for rebuke of the absurdity of a vow that compels choice between such deceit and the stifling of honest passion. But in the final act the play turns out to be not an attack on lying, but an urgent incitement to lying,—a plea, not for the lie defensive in vindication of one's liberty (for which there is sometimes excuse), but for the lie submissive in preservation of one's creature comforts and one's fame. The "guilty" wife and her lover, who have at last made up their minds to live as lovers in defiance of the world, are earnestly counselled against such a course by an intimate friend, who succeeds in persuading them to go on, not telling lies, but *living* lies, in violation of their highest ideals and noblest aspirations,—succeeds, moreover, by appealing to the basest motives, telling them that, if they carry out their design, they will be "cut" by society and the man's "glorious career" will be blasted. What an abomination! Yet, so far as I know, not a New York critic has called attention to it. And it is made the more patent by contrast with the lesson of the noble play, "Cyrano de Bergerac," now running at the Garden Theatre, the hero of which owes nearly all his glory to a life of poverty and ostracism lived in fidelity to his ideals,—a man who could tell a fib on occasion, but who would not live a hypocrite.

Liberty.

Bi-monthly; Twelve Numbers, 60 Cents; Twenty-four Numbers, $1.00; Single Copies, 5 Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 24 Gold Street.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 1312, New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1898.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

☞ The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Liberty Redivivus.

This journal, during the last seventeen years, has had, perhaps, more than its share of ups and downs. But I believe that the days of its downs are ended. At any rate, it is up to-day, and in fine feather. Though Anarchism has not yet found its long-sought millionaire, it has discovered an "angel." An Anarchist has come forward, without solicitation, and offered me five hundred dollars a year, to be expended at my discretion in furtherance of Anarchism. He will continue the contribution, if it be needed so long, throughout his life, unless he should be crippled by some unexpected reverse of fortune. He is not a wealthy man, but he is able to do what he promises, and he is a man who keeps his promises. This money will enable me, at the very least, to publish six eight-page numbers of Liberty annually,—one every two months,—and half a dozen pamphlets a year in editions of five thousand copies. As all returns from paper and pamphlets will be put into further pamphlet work, the number of pamphlets per year may reach a dozen or even more. The present issue consists of four pages only, as it seemed advisable to publish without further delay articles that had been long in type and were getting stale. The next issue will appear about January 1, 1899, and will consist of the customary eight pages.

But, encouraging as this is, why should the work be limited to the capacity of one man's public spirit? Are there no other "angels?" I fancy that already numerous comrades are becoming conscious of the sprouting of wings. Let this "angelic" example prove an inspiration. Not many man can spare five hundred dollars a year. But there are many who can do much. How many, for instance, will give seventy-five dollars a year? That sum will pay for the printing and advertising of a pamphlet of, say, thirty-two pages,—edition, five thousand copies. How many will give fifty dollars a year? That will pay for the printing of such a pamphlet. How many will give fifteen dollars a year? That will pay for the type-setting. May the responses be many and prompt and generous! But let no one promise more than he can fulfil. T.

"Max Stirner: His Life and His Work."

The fourth decade of the present century was a time of intense ferment in the religious, political, and social life of Germany. The spirit of inquiry was abroad, and Church and State were put to their trumps by the critical spirit as never before. But it was not wholly enlightened criticism. God was dethroned, but humanity was put in his place; the despotic State was abolished (on paper) only to make room for the popular State. This was the extent of the prevailing criticism in the forties. Farther the Strausses, the Bauers, the Feuerbachs, did not venture. One man saw the inadequacy of the work. He saw that the consummation devoutly to be wished was not a mere change of form in religion and government, with whatever liberal allurements, but the emancipation of the individual man from whatever, in the name of god, country, humanity, society, morality, or what not, interfered with his fullest self-realization. To replace the service of God by the service of man; to exchange the king's flag for the flag of the people,—was a matter of no real consequence to the individual man; in each case he was compelled to serve something foreign to his true interests, to feed from his own store the monster that was devouring him, and to forego his own good pleasure in a thousand ways. Plainly that was not the end desired. This end lay rather in the direction of exalting the individual above the institutions and current opinions which prevented him from coming to his own, and of making him a self-conscious egoist who, in the measure of his might, puts the world under contribution to himself. The man who thus outstripped all his contemporaries as a thinker was Max Stirner, and the book in which he stated and sustained his position with matchless reasoning bears for title: "Der Einzige und sein Eigenthum."

Stirner's book was published in perfect typographical style by Otto Wigand, one of the leading publishers of Germany, in November, 1844, and was received with the liveliest manifestations of interest in the thinking world of Europe. It was reviewed, criticised, and bitterly attacked and denounced on all sides. It was certainly the strangest book that had appeared in literature, well calculated to puzzle all but the strongest minds. There were at best only a few who appreciated its true worth, who saw that it marked a turning-point in the history of human thought, and who recognized its full significance for the future history of man. To the general it was caviare, and we are therefore prepared to understand why it fell into neglect and was utterly forgotten until it began to experience a revival only in the very recent past. Not only the book was forgotten, but also Max Stirner himself,—so completely forgotten, indeed, that now, when the former is attracting renewed attention to itself, the student's curiosity about its author's personal life must remain largely unsatisfied. Yet no longer wholly so. We now have John Henry Mackay's life of Stirner,* which, while it leaves something to be desired in point of completeness, is still the best book on the subject that was at all possible at this time. Conceived in the noblest spirit,—the spirit of sympathetic interest and love,—it is put together in excellent shape, and offers a wealth of the most interesting information about Stirner, for which his friends and admirers cannot be too grateful.

After a preface and an introduction in which Mackay gives an account of his labors on the book, he takes the reader to the "Life" proper through a sentence from one of Stirner's essays (1842): "In great men as well as in friends everything is of interest to us, even the most insignificant things, and whoever bears us tidings from them surely gives us pleasure," —two statements which in the present instance are fully confirmed.

In the preface we learn of the infinite pains Mackay took to collect what facts were yet obtainable concerning Stirner from the living testimony of those who had personally known him. Most of these men, at the time of their association with Stirner, were young students, and many of them have risen to name and fame in the literary and artistic life of Germany. I mention here only Hans von Bülow, the great musician, who was an ardent admirer of Stirner, and who aided Mackay in his enterprise in many ways. Many of these persons have now passed away; the first biographer of Stirner certainly undertook his task none too soon.

The publication of the Stirner biography was repeatedly postponed, owing to the dearth of material, and Mackay has now brought it to a provisional close only because it interfered with other work on which he is engaged. While he was giving it the finishing touches, the happy chance of a new source of information promised at the last moment to become a reality. The first edition of "Der Einzige und sein Eigenthum" contained this dedication: "To my Sweetheart, Marie Dähnhardt." Stirner first met Marie Dähnhardt in Berlin at the house of Dr. Friedrich Zabel, the founder of the "National Zeitung," and later saw her often at the Circle of the Free, where, long before he made her acquaintance, she had freely moved as one of the most advanced women of the time. In 1843 they were married, but they separated again only three years later, on motion of the young wife, after several failures to gain a foothold in life, which cost her the modest fortune that was her own. With letters of introduction to prominent persons in London, Marie Dähnhardt went to the English metropolis, where she made her living by giving lessons. In 1852 she joined a small group of emigrants who sailed for Australia. There a hard life awaited her; she was compelled to take in washing for her support, and, altogether, she drained the cup of life to the dregs in that far-away land. Then she disappeared completely from the memory of men, until somewhat more than a year ago the startling report reached Mackay that Marie Dähnhardt was living in London, whither she had returned on the death of her sister in 1871. Here was the happy chance for which he had so long been looking. He at once started for London, with great hopes for his life of Stirner. He did not expect to be received with open arms by Marie Dähnhardt, but he hoped

* Max Stirner: Sein Leben und sein Werk. Von John Henry Mackay. Mit drei Abbildungen, mehreren Facsimiles, und einem Anhang. Berlin. 1898. Verlag von Schuster & Loeffler.

at least to secure an interview with the only person living who might shed a flood of light on the great life now largely hidden in obscurity. But the unexpected happened. Marie Dähnhardt, informed of Mackay's purpose, flatly refused to meet him, and at last consented only to answer (very imperfectly) a series of questions submitted to her. In these answers she communicates no new fact, nor does she open any new sources. They consist chiefly of hard and bitter accusations against Stirner, unrelieved by a single kind expression; the chief accusation making him responsible for the loss of her property. Mackay gives Marie Dähnhardt's opinions on Stirner a place in his book, and suggests only that they be read in the light of the fact that they come from a bigoted old woman who, renouncing the aspirations of her youth, has returned to the bosom of the Catholic church, and is now seeking to save souls by distributing tracts,—the touching example of a spirit that once sought and found the joy of life now broken by misery and want. and at the same time the proof of what small worth is the love of liberty that is born of a fleeting enthusiasm, and is not the necessary expression of character.

With the last hope of new disclosures concerning the life of Stirner thus gone, Mackay fears that little more will hereafter be added to what he offers us in his book. Let us now briefly follow the plain and simple life, as we here find it traced.

Johann Caspar Schmidt (Stirner, first given him as a nickname by his schoolmates and associates on account of his exceptionally high forehead,—in German *Stirne*,—was later retained as a pseudonym) was born October 25, 1806, in Bayreuth, Germany. In 1818 he entered the Gymnasium of Bayreuth, a celebrated classical school. Here he remained until 1826, a capable and excellent student. In this same year he registered as a student in the university of Berlin, pursuing his studies for two years under the direction of eminent teachers, to mention only Hegel. In 1828 he left Berlin, to enter the university of Erlangen, where, however, he attended lectures only during the winter semester. Next we find him on an extended journey through Germany, the only one in his life. This, together with private affairs, caused an interruption in his studies of three and a half years. In 1832 he re-entered the university of Berlin, to continue his studies in classical philology, and in 1835 he passed his examination, acquiring the right to teach in the preparatory schools for the university. A thesis on school laws which Schmidt submitted in his examination already gives promise of the future thinker. After teaching a year and a half without remuneration, as required by law, Schmidt, in 1837, applied for a position with pay. He was informed that there was no vacancy, and thereafter he made no further effort to enter the service of the State. In 1837 he was married, but his wife died a year later, and in 1839 he became a teacher in the private school of Madam Gropius, for girls, retaining that position until 1844, when he voluntarily resigned it.

Little more is known of Schmidt's earlier life than these dates. We barely see his form as through a mist. Only with the year 1840 does it become alive, and speak to us through the memory of others.

Mackay, in one of the most interesting chapters of the book, introduces us to these "others,"—the Free, at Hippel's. Hippel's was an old and celebrated wine-house in Berlin, which, in the forties, became the rendezvous of the revolutionary spirits of the time,—critics, writers, editors, poets, artists, students, and even military officers. Bruno Bauer, then recently suspended from his position at the university of Bonn on account of his heresies, was their head. The Free were a loose organization, with no chairman, no statutes and by-laws, and no fixed membership. Representing all shades of opinion, they gathered nightly at Hippel's, and discussed, now seriously now cynically, now calmly now boisterously, the issues of the day. Here Max Stirner moved for a full decade,—quiet, modest, reserved, rarely taking part in the discussions, but deeply interested in what was said and done.

He is described as a well-built man of medium height, slender, almost spare, and of average appearance. He always dressed plainly, but with so much care and neatness that, by people without taste, he was sometimes described as a dandy. He wore silver spectacles, and gazed quietly and gently, with light blue eyes, on men and things. He had a blond moustache and whiskers, and always kept his chin cleanly shaved. His reddish, slightly-curled, closely-cropped, soft hair left the exceptionally high forehead fully free. A pleasant, sometimes sarcastic smile played about his fine, thin-lipped mouth. His nose was strong and moderately large, and ended in a point. His chin was of energetic form, and he had white, slender, "aristocratic" hands. Self-possessed, calm, without hasty and awkward movements, he is said not to have been free from a touch of pedantry.

There is no likeness of Stirner in existence, but Mackay, in his appendix, publishes a sketch of him, drawn by Friedrich Engels from memory.

The fundamental feature of Stirner's character was an imperturbable calm. He was invariably pleasant in his intercourse with people, and never carried away by anger or passion. Unobtrusive in every way, without conceit and vanity, he was respected and liked by all. He is not remembered ever to have made a reproach against anybody, or ever to have engaged in a "trial by talk" of his friends behind their backs,—a sign of native nobility, in the opinion of Mackay, such as few can lay claim to. He had not a single personal enemy, but neither had he a single intimate friend. He was in daily association with the most advanced minds of the time; but they could not accompany him in his flight, and it was inevitable that he should go through life alone.

When Stirner resigned his position as a teacher, he had finished "Der Einzige und sein Eigenthum" and entered into negotiations with Otto Wigand, with a view to its publication. Wigand, as we already know, brought it out in the fall of 1844. In the years immediately preceding the publication of his great work Stirner wrote a number of essays on timely matters, which appeared in various journals and periodicals, and which are all imbued with the spirit peculiar to him. After its publication, he wrote two rejoinders to his critics, which are masterpieces in controversial literature. These shorter pieces from Stirner's pen are important and of permanent value, and we are greatly indebted to Mackay for collecting them into a volume,* which forms a companion-piece to his biography.

The consideration of these writings merits a separate article.

Stirner also translated into German Jean Baptiste Say's "Handbook of Practical Political Economy" and Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations." These works, too, were published by Wigand. In the early fifties he compiled, in two volumes, "The History of the Reaction,"—the last work he brought out. He projected a comprehensive encyclopædia, but, failing to interest a publisher in the enterprise, he abandoned the idea. His literary remains passed into the possession of his friend, Ludwig Buhl, but were lost after the latter's tragic death.

Stirner found it impossible to make his living with his pen, and was obliged to turn his attention to other employments. But again the same difficulty confronted him, and his paths appear to have been none too smooth. The last ten years of his life, like the first, are shrouded from us as by an impenetrable mist. Thrown upon his own resources by the struggle for existence, he is rarely seen among his old friends during this period, and no one knows what he is thinking and doing. Taciturn as he was, he kept his troubles and his joys to himself. No complaint ever crossed his lips, though it is known that at last he hardly knew where to lay his head. Harassed by creditors, he was driven from lodging to lodging, and twice he suffered poor debtor's imprisonment,—the first time twenty-one days, the second, thirty-six. True to himself to the last, he died suddenly on June 25, 1856, from the effects of the sting of a poisonous fly, and three days later he was buried, attended only by a few of his old friends, but among these Bruno Bauer and Ludwig Buhl.

A sad ending? Undoubtedly. But possibly not so sad as it may appear to him who, abdicating his sovereignty, falls into line with the powers that be and estimates life by the rewards of servility. With patronizing mockery such a one may suggest that the teacher of egoism has either poorly "recked his own rede," or that its observance has borne him bitter fruit. But I believe with Mackay that Stirner was thoroughly at one with his philosophy, that he reaped all its fruits so far as they came within his reach, and that the severity of his lot was undoubtedly mitigated by his native serenity and the reflection that, all appearances to the contrary, he filled the position of a sovereign in the world. For, as Nietzsche has it, in a very true sense, and to an eye trained for the spectacle, the princes, politicians, professors, merchants, and farmers of the world, in working for ends not their own, are essentially slaves, while the non-conforming and independent thinker, though he go

* Max Stirner's Kleinere Schriften und seine Entgegnungen auf die Kritik seines Werkes: "Der Einzige und sein Eigenthum." Aus den Jahren 1842-1847. Herausgegeben von John Henry Mackay. Berlin. 1898. Schuster & Loeffler.

through life naked and with a beggar's staff, is a master.

G. S.

Shall We have Stirner in English?

The foundations of Anarchism are nowhere laid more firmly than in "Der Einzige und sein Eigenthum," the master-work of Max Stirner, whose biography by Mackay is reviewed by George Schumm in this issue, and consequently it is of the highest importance to Anarchists that an adequate English rendering of that book should be put before the public at an early date. Owing to the originality of Stirner's style and his fondness for playing upon words, the translation of "Der Einzige" is an uncommonly difficult task, which must be performed by competent hands and with the greatest care. Moreover, the book is a large one, and the nature of its subject-matter is not such as to warrant expectations of a large sale for it. Yet, in view of the increasing interest in Stirner, it is not impossible that several publishers should simultaneously hit upon the idea of publishing it, the result of which would be certain and heavy loss to all, whereas, if there were but one edition, its publisher would have a chance to recover his outlay. Therefore it seems proper to state, partly to protect myself and partly to prevent other publishers from embarking in such an enterprise without full knowledge of the facts, that I some time ago entered into a contract with a gentleman well known to the readers of Liberty, for the translation of "Der Einzige." Though admirably fitted for the work, he has agreed that his manuscript, when completed, shall be submitted to several Stirner students and German scholars, in order that he may revise his work in the light of their suggestions. No pains will be spared to make it as nearly perfect as possible.

The translation is already more than half done, and work upon it is progressing as speedily as circumstances permit. How soon it will be published it is impossible now to state, but a movement has been set on foot by C. L. Swartz, the editor of "I," which may hasten the day. He thinks it possible to publish the work as "Instead of a Book" was published,—by the method of advance subscription,—and he has started a subscription list, which several have already signed, pledging considerable amounts. Mr. Swartz writes me that, if the plan proves successful, the proceeds will be handed to me for the publication of the book, I agreeing to fulfil the conditions of his agreement with the subscribers. I thank Mr. Swartz most heartily for his initiative and coöperation in this important work. Any person desiring to subscribe should apply to him for particulars. He may be addressed at Wellesley, Mass.

I may add that it is also my intention to follow the publication of "Der Einzige" with a translation of Mackay's life of Stirner.

T.

Anarchism vs. "Propaganda by Deed."

A recent issue of the "Magazin für Litteratur" contains an open letter from John Henry Mackay to the editor, Dr. Rudolf Steiner, and the latter's reply. A translation of this interesting and significant correspondence is given below.

Dear Dr. Steiner:

More strongly than ever in late years do my friends in these days urge me to protest anew against the "tactics of force," so that I may not be confounded with those "Anarchists" who are—no Anarchists, but, one and all, revolutionary Communists. I am told that, in case of the international measure of deportation of "Anarchists," I shall be in danger of being expelled from Germany as a foreigner.

I decline to follow the counsel of my friends. No government is so blind and so stupid as to prosecute a person who participates in public life solely through his writings, and that, too, to bring about an *unbloody* change of conditions. Besides, in these past years unfortunately I have forfeited all outward relation with the social movement of Europe, whose *external* development, by the way, no longer claims my interest in the same degree as the intellectual progress of the idea of equal liberty in the minds of individuals, on which all hope for the future still rests.

In 1891, in my work, "The Anarchists" (in both editions now published by K. Henckell & Co., in Zürich and Leipzig), in the eighth chapter entitled "The Propaganda of Communism," I have protested, with Auban, against "propaganda by deed" so strongly and equivocally that there cannot be the least doubt as to what I think about it. I have just read the chapter again for the first time in five years, and have nothing to add to it; I could not state in a better way and more clearly what I think of the tactics of the Communists and its danger in every respect. If a part of the German Communists have, in the meantime, become convinced of the harmfulness and futility of all coercive proceedings, I claim an essential share of the merit of this enlightenment.

For the rest, I am not accustomed to repeat myself; and I have been, besides, for years engaged on an elaborate work in which I attempt to examine psychologically all questions pertaining to the individual and his relation to the State.

Finally, in the seven years since the appearance of my work the situation has undergone an enormous change; and it is known to day, wherever one cares to know, and not merely in the circles of the enlightened, that there is an unbridgeable chasm between the true Anarchists and those who falsely call themselves and are called such, as regards not only tactics but all fundamental questions, and that, excepting the desire for improvement and a change of social conditions, there is absolutely nothing in common between the two.

Whoever does not know this yet may learn it by reading the pamphlet of Benj. R. Tucker on "State Socialism and Anarchism," which, with a bibliography of individualistic Anarchism, can be procured for twenty pfennigs from the publisher, B. Zack, Berlin, SO., Oppelnerstrasse 45—a splendid opportunity for enlarging his knowledge at the price of a glass of beer.

There is, indeed, a low press (which strangely delights in calling itself respectable) which continues daily to falsify firmly established, historical facts. But all struggle against it is not only futile, but degrading. It lies because it *wants* to lie.

With friendly greetings, yours,

JOHN HENRY MACKAY.

Saarbrücken, September 15, 1898.

ANSWER.

Dear Mr. Mackay:

Four years ago, after the appearance of my "Philosophie der Freiheit," you expressed your approval of my thought. I confess that this gave me great pleasure. For I am convinced that we agree in our opinions so far as it is possible for two natures to agree that are wholly independent of each other. We share the same aims, although we have reached our thought-world by entirely different roads. You, too, feel this. A proof of this is the fact that you addressed the above letter to me. It is of value to me to be regarded by you as a fellow-thinker.

I have hitherto always avoided the application of even the word "individualistic" or "theoretical Anarchism" to my philosophy. For I attach small importance to such designations. If we express our ideas clearly and positively in our writings, what further need is there to label these ideas with some current phrase? Everyone connects with such a phrase quite definite traditional associations, which reflect only inadequately what the individual has to say. I express my thoughts; I designate my aims. I myself feel no need to label my philosophy with some customary phrase.

But, if I were obliged to say, in the sense in which such things can be decided, whether the term "individualistic Anarchist" is applicable to me, I should have to answer unhesitatingly: "Yes." And, because I claim this designation for myself, I should like at this moment to state clearly in a few words wherein "we," the "individualistic Anarchists," differ from those who champion the so-called "propaganda by deed." I am aware, of course, that I shall not say anything new to well-informed people. But I am not as optimistic as you, dear Mr. Mackay, who simply say: "No government is so blind and so stupid as to prosecute a person who participates in public life solely through his writings, and that, too, to bring about an *unbloody* change of conditions." If you will pardon this my only objection, you did not consider with what little reason the world is governed.

Let me speak plainly, then. The individualistic Anarchist wishes that no man should be prevented by anything from developing the forces and faculties latent in him. The individuals are to assert themselves in a perfectly free competitive struggle. The existing State has no taste for this competitive struggle. Step by step, it prevents the individual from developing his faculties. It hates the individual. It says: I have use only for a man who conducts himself so and so. Whoever is different must be compelled to conform. Now, the State thinks men will agree among themselves only if it is said to them: "Thus you must be; and, if you are not so, then you must be so—anyway." The individualistic Anarchist, on the other hand, holds that the best conditions will be evolved, if people are allowed a free course. He is confident that they will find the right way themselves. He does not believe, of course, that there would be no more pickpockets day after tomorrow, if the State should be abolished to-morrow. But he knows that people cannot be prepared for liberty by authority and force. He knows this,—that the way is made free for the most independent people by removing all force and authority.

But the present States are founded on force and authority. The individualistic Anarchist is hostile to them, because they suppress liberty. All he demands is the free, untrammeled development of forces. He wishes to remove the force which hinders free development. He knows that at the last moment, when Social Democracy shall draw its conclusions, the State will call into requisition its cannons. The individualistic Anarchist knows that the authoritarians will at last always resort to coercive measures. But he is convinced that whatever smacks of force is inimical to liberty. Therefore he combats the State, which rests on force; and therefore he combats just as energetically the "propaganda by deed," which rests no less on force. If the State beheads or imprisons a man on account of his convictions, the proceeding, call it whatever one will, is execrable in the eyes of the individualistic Anarchist. It is no less execrable, of course, when a Lucheni stabs a woman who happens to be the empress of Austria. It is one of the foremost principles of the individualistic Anarchist to combat these things. If he were to approve them, he would have to admit that he does not know why he opposes the State. He combats the force which suppresses liberty; and he combats it as vigorously when the State coerces a libertarian idealist as when an insane, vain fellow assassinates the sympathetic visionary on the imperial throne of Austria.

It cannot be urged explicitly enough against our opponents that the "individualistic Anarchists" emphatically condemn "propaganda by deed." Aside from the coercion practised by States, there is perhaps nothing that is so repugnant to *these* Anarchists as the Caserios and Luchenis. But I am not so optimistic as you are, dear Mr. Mackay. For scarcely ever can I find where I should like to find it the particle of reason which, after all, is necessary for so coarse discrimination as that between "individualistic Anarchism" and "propaganda by deed."

With friendly regard, yours,

RUDOLF STEINER.